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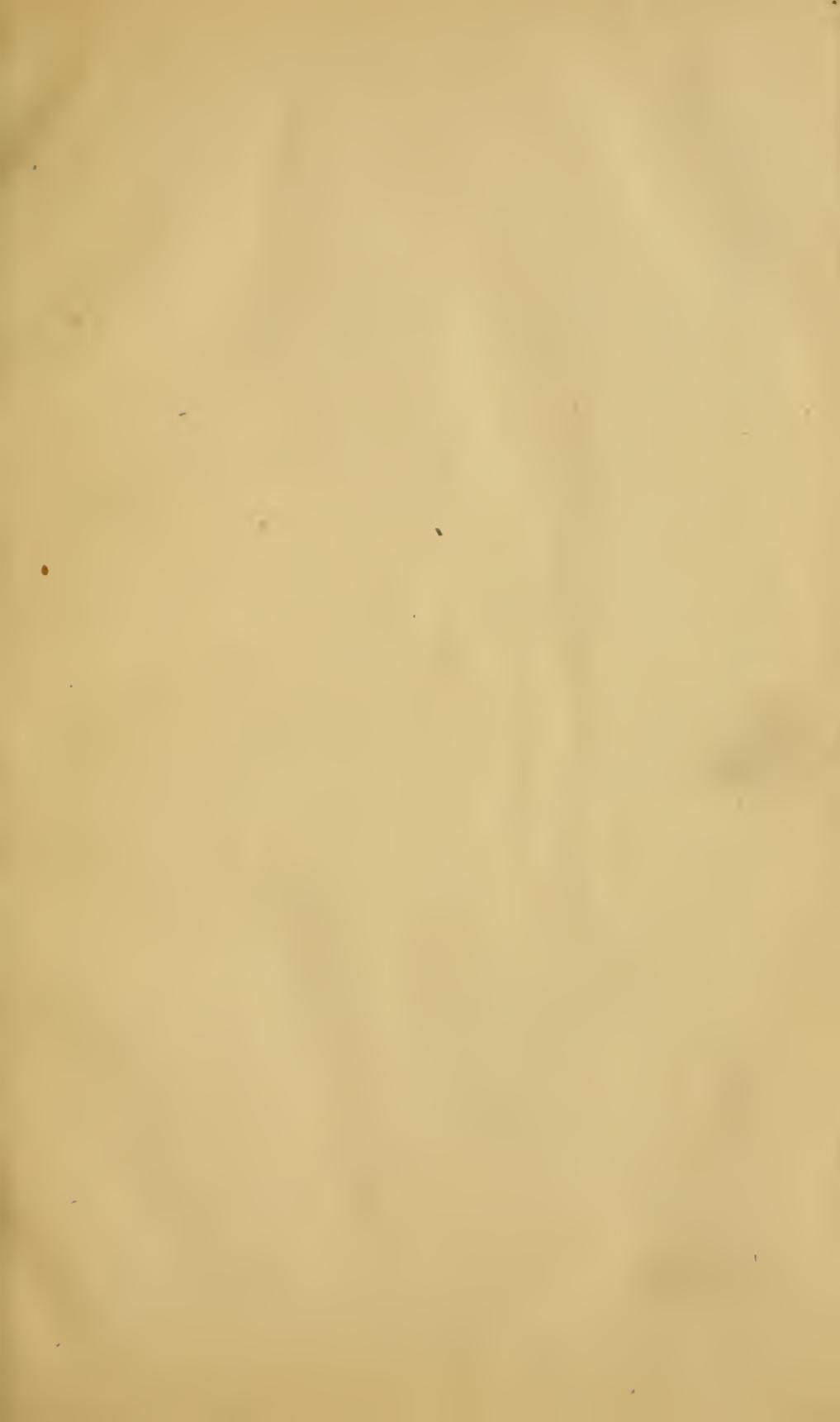
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



45
1874
16
WASHINGTON;

— OR —

American Independence,

(FIRST CAMPAIGN.)

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS,

— BY —

DAVID SINCLAIR,

AUTHOR OF "SERVIUS TULLIUS," "MAGDALENE," "MOTHER"
SINCERITY," ETC., ETC.

PERSONS REPRESENTED:

WASHINGTON,	- - - - -	MRS. WASHINGTON.
LORD HOWE,	- - - - -	MRS. RAPELYE.
ADAMS,	}	Members of Congress.
RUTLEDGE,		
FRANKLIN,	}	Leaders under Washington.
STANLEY,		
GREEN, Confidential friend to Washington,		
GATES,		
REED, Confidential friend to Washington,		
LEE,		
SULLIVAN,	}	under Washington.
TRYON, Tory Governor of New York.		
WILLIAM. Washington's man.		
NAZALHEAD, an American.		



BOSTON:

C. W. CALKINS & Co., PRINTERS, 136 WASHINGTON STREET.

1874.

16

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W. W. Smith, Director of the

U. S. Bureau of Fisheries,
Washington, D. C., says that
the fishery of the Gulf of
Mexico is not to be blamed
for the recent bad condition
of the fish but rather for
the want of a good system
of enforcement of the laws.

He says that

WASHINGTON:

OR,

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Square in Old Broadway, New York, July 1776.*

Enter Mob, GOVERNOR TRYON disguised as citizen.

First Citizen.—Ruin stares us in the face.

Second Citizen. (To Governor Tryon.) Come citizen,
You're learned; let's hear your thoughts.

Mob. We won't hear him!

A lying Tory; or a knavish Whig:—
Let some disinterested person speak.

Second Citizen. All feel deep interest in the States. He'll
speak.

Come, mount this forum. Ho! a speech!

Governor Tryon. (standing on a seat.) My friends,
Let me but for a moment win your ears
By my untutored words. (*solo.*) Foreshadowed here
I see again pre-eminence. That day,
Long dreamt of, dawns, when glorious halos round
My laurelled temples shine! (*to mob.*) For florid words,
Vague statements, legal quib, or learned lore,
Look not to me, for I'm a lowly man,—
Skilled by experience in common sense,—
With no designs, but envious fiery zeal
To light the path of Truth. Truth's advocates,
Who touch the conscience and disturb the mind,
Or rouse the sense that lulls to lethargy
The finer feelings of the soul, are scorned;
So, when my acid mind, in Truth's defence,
Soils with its venom, poured resistless forth,
Yourselves tranquil and blind to danger, I,
Doubtless, will give offence to all.

Mob. No! no!

Say on, you are an honest man.

Gor. Tryon. And you,

Most honest citizens. Tear off the masque,—
The winding sheet in which our country lies—
Then see the putrid sores that wily men,
For their ambition's sake, would hide. Think you
They seek your good more than their fame? Why war?
Why bleed this fertile country so to death?
Why dye, with brother's blood, a brother's hand
In such a useless, civil war: for they,
Our British foes, are kindred and our friends—
Far better friends than those these wars will bring?
'Tis neither wise, nor well, to cope with arms
That, like death's direful hounds, slay foes
On every land and sea.

Nazalhead. Da' me!

What can he mean! Son of a goose, think you
There is a power upon this circling globe
America would fear? Though every king
The old world has, should raise his strongest force,
Unite, and all the myriad host,—safely
Transported in a million ships.—approach
Like one destructive, inland, human wave
On our productive, boundless realms, they might
Disturb us—as the sea the precious stones.
Only to round into more perfect shape—
But, conquer the indomitable love
For liberty Americans all have,
They never could. Our breath is liberty,
And while we breathe, we'll live for liberty. [tumult.

Voice. Bold patriot!

Gor. Tryon. Bold patriot in words!
Beware such patriots. Their slimy words,
Deceitful, seeming stamped with truth, adorned
With all the flowery gestures of the frame,
And cadence of the tongue, are vague and false;
Or, are the snake-like preparation for
Your capture and your death: a wordy man
Is not a man of deeds, or common sense,
That looks and learns before he speaks.

Nazalhead. Da' me!

Was ever ignorance so bold. I guess
I'd tell a tale, or end a broil, as soon
As this 'ere fool. Who are you, honest man?

Thou never wast dishonest to thyself.
So call thyself an honest man. Each knave,
By such a definition, claims as much!
And honesty—dishonest with itself—
Becomes a knave. An honest man! Stranger,
Your honesty uproots its fair pretence
In that you thus accuse me. You, tailor,
Shoemaker, petty merchant, or, I guess,
Adventurer.—da' me! think you I'll leave
That tongue to wag that brands me so? [tumult increases.

Gor. Tryon. (order restored.) Patience
Was never needed more than now. That fire,
Kindling in you, if you hear not my words,
Will fan such wretched ire within your breasts
That you'll repent but once—but that for ever.

Nazalhead. (riotous.) Da' me! let's, like a vulture,
pounce but once
Upon his loathsome carrion. [Scuffle. *Tryon undisguised.*

Citizen. See, man.
'Tis Gov' nor Tryon.

Nazalhead. Da' me! The hypocrite—
He governs not the State, himself, nor me!
This day I'll hang him, or his effigy. [exit followed.

Gor. Tryon. Now, that I'm known, I'll freely speak.
You all.

Like sheep have gone astray: rebelled each one
Against the king, who, gallows and the cord,
Might doom for all, yet graciously extends
Even mercy to the merciless. You've seen
The proclamation I have made? Think well,
Observe these mandates and requests. Return
And all shall be forgiven, and forgot.
Be loyal as your fathers were. To serve
Their country and their king was their hearts' wish.
And bravest boast. Let me entreat. Cease war.
Negotiate, and let these ploughmen—raw,
Uncouth, uncultured soldiers—turn with joy
Their swords to ploughshares, so that songs of peace,
Plenty, and happiness may cheer the land.
Beware your foes, if you accept not these,
For, for the fool, they have a rod, and woe
To him on whom it falls. Accept not peace,
And all your lovely highlands of the north,—
Those shores disturbed but by the ocean's wave:
The sunny, fertile south, and western plains,—

Your fathers', husbands', brothers' blood shall dye,
 While airy birds of prey bear up their shrieks,
 Thrill them against heaven's closed gates of peace,
 And ware wolves howl their dying moans at night
 Till all the forest preying brutes reply,
 And Hudson hills and Alleghany rocks
 Echo, with dire ul mockeries, their howls,
 While all the rivers hasten to the sea
 And dye it with their blood.—Oh! wretched thought!
 You all have friends who've taken arms. Perhaps
 You love them not,—they're not your fathers, sons,
 Or loved companions. Nay. They're those who stand
 Between you and your own prosperity—
 You wish them dead. You'd see your butchered friends
 Lying in agony on gory plains,
 With tongueless wounds that gape and cry in vain
 For pity, while you dance for joy.

Mob. (divided.) Never!
 Most monstrous thought.

Gov. Tryon. Why countenance this war,
 And urge it on, if not? Where lies the good?
 Your generals clamor loud of patriotism—
 But where's their own? 'Tis love of selfish fame
 That goads their bold ambition on. They're trained
 For no profession, trade, or honest calling,
 And having brawled away their restless youth
 With wild adventures 'mong the Indians,
 Feed with your lives, their reckless appetites,—
 Making you toys, in this, their play.

Voices. We're men,
 With sense and motives quite as good as yours,
 And would not thus be blindly led.

Gov. Tryon. And yet,
 Thus are you led. Where are your victories?
 Numbers can scarcely calculate your woes,—
 Yet, name one profit. Wisdom costs too much.
 Better live fools, than wise so dear. Tell me
 What ground you gain? What battle have you won?
 Does Bunker's Hill disgrace you not enough?

Citizens. Our victors there were vanquished and disgraced.

Voices. Let's hear no more. You're not a patriot;
 The fate of great men falls on you: you fail,—
 Your star has set. Your greatness sets. [tumult, riot.]

Nazalhead. (entering with Gov. Tryon's effigy.) Da' me,
 What means this noise? Ho! all against the Gov'nor?

Here we've his effigy: let's hang it here;
Bring him and hang him by its side that he
May by his ghost abide.

[*Exit Tryon carried by friends. Riotous.*

Citizens opposing Nazalhead. Have done!
We won't submit to see him so abused.
Take down the effigy. Down! down with it.
Down with the effigy, or down with them. [*enter William.*

William. (*solo.*) Now here's a chance of distinguishing oneself for massa's sake. 'Tis like the snow-ball Boston fight, when he, with awful force, grasped in each hand, each leader of the band, and made them grin, each in the others face, like two chained dogs, willing to fight, but can't; I'll tuck my sleeves and try. Now then, white livered cats and dogs, give way. You're void of honor as my head of hair. As I'm a slave and no freeborn man, I'll kill you if you fight. Avaunt, you hungry, weather-beaten hounds. Gramercy! Hands off! I'm William! The General's William! General Washington's William—

Voices. The General? The General! [*exit.*

Enter WASHINGTON.)

Washington. (*to William bleeding.*) Why William, you blush like a red rose.

William. No, Massa, I'm too black for that. They were too much for me.

Washington. All have strange ventures in their time,
Through boldness, accident, or foolishness,
Staining their memories.

William. They've stained my face.

Washington. Attend my horse beyond. Here I've friends
[*exit William.*

Appointed. I am like an outcast wretch,
Seeming to have control over a world,
And yet misfortune's slave.—Yet do I hope,
And, if in others breasts I could instil,
By stealthy arts, such hopes, black discontent,
That reigns in towns and hosts, would change to joy—
Oh! how our acts beguile our thoughts. The face
Too seldom tells the mind. A thousand cares,
Like caterpillars gnawing at a rose.
In invade my mind and whisper vanity:
Winds in my ears howl vanity; my friends,
By word and look, prescribe me fool, crying
'Tis vanity: my discontented troops,

Untrained, ill fed, worse quartered, never paid,
 Unto the foe display, written on their backs,
 “ ‘Tis vanity:” the citizens the same.
 The very land that I would die to make
 The nursery of liberty,—although
 Bought by a hundred thousand lives with mine—
 Scorns my attempt, and echoes “ vanity;”
 Would fate had never bid me trust the cause
 Of liberty could never fail.—America.
 My native land, is there no hope for thee?
 Must thou succumb without a stroke for life?
 Shall I, whom thou hast bounteously fed,
 Stand coldly by and see thee chained? Shall all
 Reproach thy patriots? disdain thy power,
 And, rather than defend themselves, be slaves?
 Unhappy land, like an indulgent mother,
 Thou hast children upreared, enriched and blest,
 And yet, in this thy last extremity,
 When thou art racked, tormented, ravished, slain,
 They have no heart to feel thy woes, defend—
 Like sons,—thy cause, but idly stand, or flee.
 Oh! God, ‘tis much too much. Patience bursts my breast;
 My soul seems thrown into my arm, and I
 Feel more enraged with countrymen than foes—
 Oh! Liberty, inspire me with thy zeal
 To breathe in every soldier’s lungs.—Spare us,
 Oh! God of peace; spare our unhappy land.
 Strengthen our cause, and make this, as it ought to be,
 The land of liberty.—Oh! my good wife,

Enter Mrs. WASHINGTON and her two Children.

Let me kiss my adopted ones!

Mrs. Washington. Troubled again?

Washington. A wife best knows her husband’s heart. ‘Tis

vain

To hide from you. Hiding from her who loves
 Makes more appear. You have a keen eye
 That, through the brightest face, beholds the heart
 And all its sad soliloquies. I am,
 As you surmise, troubled—troubled to despair.

Mrs. Washington. The meanest word from the noblest
 heart. For shame!

What means despair in you? Despair to one?
 Despair to me? to these? to friends? Ay! Think,
 If thy sword’s sheathed before it wins, the groan
 Its scabbard makes in being filled, will fill

Each heart, each home and town in all the land
With the death warrant of liberty. The hills
Shall shake their hoary locks, the winds
Shall fill deserted villages with moans,
And dying lamentations all the plains,
Crying, this was the destined home of liberty;
But, we are ruined, for Washington despaired.

Washington. Never! So help me heaven; America
Claims me her son, and for her I shall die.
I vow, that while a breath is in me left,
While I can lift a sword and give command,
I'll be America's. Though all the air,
With frowning clouds, be overcast, I know
The happy firmament of freedom's there,
And yet shall shine. I look some distance forth,
And, through the cloudy present, I perceive
Sweet Liberty enshrined in every heart
In free America whose commerce grows
Unto such giant strength that every land
Owns it the greatest nation of the earth.—

Mrs. Washington. Manly and well. Let not despair again
Besiege your heart. Work hard, and watch your chance.
Neglect no duty.

Washington. Never have I so.

Mrs. Washington. Yes,—once you did.

Washington. Once?—Ay—in courting you.
Come children, tell me each your history,
While I wait for my generals. [*Frolics with children.*]

Mrs. Washington. (solo.) A warrior,
Yet father to the fatherless. Beloved
As loving, gentle, great and good, and kind:
Such qualities in prodigality—
Against her rule—has heaven bestowed. Not less
Than highest glory could befit his soul
And yet, when that is won, as it shall be,
His envious friends—hearing the price he paid—
Will shudder and decline his goal. Greatness
Of lasting worth, whose mem'ry dwells in hearts,
Was never reared in marble palaces
'Mid ease and luxury, but all the great
Have greatly suffered, toiled and won.

Enter Generals with Ladies. Mutual greetings.

Washington, (to Generals.) Let us commune apart.

Ladies. Nay, stop with us,
We've been too long alone. Let's know your plots,
Designs and secret thoughts.

Green. Secrets, in women's minds,
Are seeds in fertile soil.

Putnam, (to Ladies.) Review your minds—
Think of the women you have known, or read of,
And tell me one who kept a secret,
And I shall name a thousand who could not.

[*Gentlemen apart.*]

Lady. (solo.) Oh, selfish man, woman would adore you
more,
If you'd but pay her back with trust.

Arnold. (lingering, solo.) Mong these
I wonder who's the wealthiest. Wisdom—
Of which I have enough—long life, nor war,
But wealth I seek,—and I shall have it, too.
What are the States to me? Why fight for them?
Why risk my life for foreigners? Doubtless
I seem a fool—yet less a fool than seem.
I have my game and goal, and, should this war
By any chance, bring wealth to me, I'm here
To take my prize. Dangers I do defy.—
Indeed, I'd rather have some slight romance—
In cutting throats or captivating maids,—
By way of cheerful change to win my way.
But live, die, war, or peace, it matters not,
I must be rich. If on the land I fail,
I'll be a king upon the trackless sea
Where lucky stars shall guide, and clouds defend
My roving barque, till chance or fortitude
Steer me to treasure troves. What is a war?
Why, everyone's at war; or with himself
Or with another. Natural. Unless
Men had their petty quarrels; nations, wars;
They'd be without a history. Old men
Review their battles with delight; young ones
Boast of their loving brawls. All nations famed
For arms are themes for everlasting song.—
And are their motives one?—I'm no exception.
If Fortune's here why need I further go?—
I'll scan their fortunes in their faces writ—
And wound my golden calf with my first hit.

[*Observing young ladies.*]

1st Lady, (to other ladies.) Oh, what a wretched world
for women, when

All men are gone. Even when in sight, if not
Within our grasp, we're never sure, and, if

We think we have them safe, chance favors them
With good excuse to go. Here have we lived
Like nuns shut in a monastery. Woe me!
How sad wars are.

Mrs. Washington. We must endure, for men
Are not mere household toys, to live like cats
Upon our hearths, or strut like peacocks proud
Around our walls.—I'd hate the man whose love
Would have me locked all day in his embrace.
I'd have him bear away his leaden head
From my tired heaving breast.

Arnold. (*eyeing one young lady.*) The generals
Are deep in their manœuvres—I'll be absent.
Yet present here where this rich, flirting, maid
Exposees all her fortress to the foe. (*approaches lady.*)

Washington. (*examining map.*) 'Twill do. While Schuyler leads the Northern troops,
Brave Clinton will protect the Highlands with
His Ulster yeomanry. General Mereer will,
With Livingston, defend the Jersy shores,
While Lee shall give his special care to Rhode;
And Greene with his tried skill protect Brooklyn,
While this most turbulent town you watch, and know
That stretched from here to Hellgate lies the foe.

Gates. (*solo.*) I like not these appointings. Favour is
shown.
An inexperienced man has greater trust
Than I, a veteran of the sword.—'Tis wrong,
Unfair, unthoughtful and unwise. Anon,
I'll find myself the last upon the roll.—
But no: I'll take my place, and curst be he
Who seeks to mar my destiny.

Lee. I'm third—
Yet should be second in command. Indeed,
I think myself before the first, only
I've no estates nor int'rest in the land.
Yet I'm content; my wandering star is bright
Against my native foes. Oh! England, thou,
In thy pround day with laurels decked, cast me,
Like a diseased cur, out from thy presence,
Less for the work my sword than pen had done;
But I shall be revenged. Free England! free!
In it, for prosperous men, there's liberty,
But he who breathes against a flatterer,
An unjust judge, a slandering lord, a prince,

Whose vice brings England's curse, a king who fears
 Nor God nor man, let such an one, whose wealth
 Is only virtue, mark the nearest road
 That farthest leads from thence.

Washington. (*hearing news from generals.*) You tell
 me so?

What patriotism! Poor homesick things. Heigho!
 But for my vow I would despair. Vice grows,
 Not like a stunted shrub, but giant weed,
 And what vice in a soldier's breast is worse
 Than cowardice? Cowards seek, but ill deserve,
 Fortune or fame. Oh! despicable wretch,
 Who, wordy in peace, avoids the sword in war.
 Our just and righteous cause demands its use.
 Oh, cowardice! If Hell e'er means to plant a curse
 By which it seeks to ruin our noble race,
 Let it plant cowards' souls in soldiers' breasts,
 And they will flee their shadows even. May cowards,
 At this sad juncture skulking on the hills,
 Save their poor lives to be a pest, disgrace,
 And shame, until a vile ignoble death
 Fells them in their remorse, and may their friends
 Revile their mean unhallowed graves. They cry,
 For an excuse, they're loyal, and we rebel,
 When Nature, sense, our foes and Heaven itself,
 Declare our cause a glorious one. When Heaven
 Defeats, the victory's no disgrace, but now,
 Heaven fights, and righteous Heaven ever wins.—
 In God's name and America's cut down
 All those who flee their foes. Such cowardly men
 America disowns, and never did nor will
 Give them a place. She welcomes honest men,
 Who braving ill, love truth and liberty,
 But will not give a burial place to knaves.
 Leave selfish men unto themselves, and time
 Will sour the grapes they love.

Arnold. (*to young lady.*) Most patriotic volley!
 (*solo.*) Methinks, now that I've made rich conquest here,
 I'd better join these rebels in their rage.—

Sweetheart, for a little, fare thee well. (*joins generals.*)

Young Lady. (*solo.*) Most charming man!
 Often have I loved, yet never loved like this.

Pray Heaven he be not killed. (*ladies promenade*)

Madison. (*to Washington.*) If I could clothe,
 Or pay our men—

Washington. Is love of country not enough
To stir the coldest blood with fiery flames,
Urge on the weakest wretch, give birth to zeal,
Put strength in arms, revenge in every thought,
Breathe curses on the foe, and harrow up
The image of every cruel device,
And make men count their prosp'rous lives not dear,
Wherewith to win them liberty?—Oh, God!
Where are the spirits of the olden times,
That lived in men, urging them on 'gainst foes,
Whose strength or numbers barred them not, but breathed
New courage as their struggling hosts were felled
Beneath the trampling steeds of haughty foes,
Admiring as they conquered!—Yet, 'tis pay.
What is there these would not exchange for gold,—
The golden enemy of cowards? Money!
Let them but see the money from afar,
And they will grapple, in imagination,
A world of enemies,—then each should be
A prince of patriotism. If there were mines
In Hell, Satan could buy nine-tenths of men,
And heap their horrors for as much again.

Green. I' faith 'tis true—so we must pardon too.
Fools know some secrets of the human heart,
But wisdom uses them.

Washington. If timid Congress
Would but declare our independence, then
We'd have such capital to daze men's eyes,
That all would flock with blankets, guns, and tents,
Who mark us nothing now.

Lee. (bouncingly.) War's glory is,
Methinks, to start with naked arms and sword,
Bold hearts and devil daring wills that fear
Neither the weather nor the foe, but march,—
With poverty of body, wealth of mind,—
Against advancing odds, with such a mien
That drives the foemen's virtue to their heels,
So take the field, the victory and the spoil
As trophies of the day.

Washington. A patriot's friend!
Would all but share your spirit.

Putman. Honor he seeks.
Honor has no equivalent in gold.
Who seeks it, seeks not gold, yet it brings wealth,
And happiness that wealthy men would buy,

No ordinary power will bring it forth,
Yet, when 'tis born 'twill bear its rich reward,
And lie like glory round the head in life.
In death make great amid illustrious ones
Whose names are treasured in men's minds.
It is the goal of greatness great men seek
And barter for their wealth, their friends and peace
That bear them back. For honor soldiers fight.
Ambitious youths for honor strive; and fools
May scorn, yet wise men worship it.
To it the rich and poor look wistfully up—
To have it is a rich man's boasted pride;
To see it makes a good man hope and praise.—
The stronghold of an honest man.

Lee. And now,
Sir, is the time to do, or die—to win,
For, from my breast discard I meaner thoughts.
To be determined—certain of success—
Is more than half our battles fought. Who fights and fears,
Soon flies.

Washington. 'Tis true in everything. Be bold.
When you're convinced you're right, then push ahead
Though boundless seems the sea of woes before,—
For bravery was never beat.

Green. Your excellency
May be assured that with such generals
Our cause shall never wane. Desires may differ,
Yet, be assured, there is a soldier's heart
In every breast. If love, or fame, or wealth,
Perchance, share any mind, yet liberty
Is the prime motive of them all.

Washington. Then win we must,—
Although I fear those friendly foes who smile,
Whine, flatter, praise while in our presence, but
In absence, speak us wrong, so that at last,
Where fortune smiles they have their nest prepared.
They're neither cold nor hot when fortune wavers.
But, with deceitful, equal, love to all,
Are careful for themselves.

Arnold. There's no such fawn
I trust 'mong us—such women livered men,
Prosperity be ever in their sight
But never in their grasp, so, mock their lives
With tantalizing cares, bring forth despair,
The child of blackest hell, to goad them on

To seek the fellowship of fancied friends,
And feel the bitterness of that deceit
They bore to others.

All. Bravo! Amen, we say.

Voices. May green grass never mark their graves.

Washington. (solo.) Methinks,
They're all trustworthy, yet 'tis wise and well
To seem fully to trust, yet realy not,—
For trust, like love, may trust too much.—Maidens,
Trusting they should be wives, have trusted men,
Yet found themselves too seldom wives. Let me,
A general, beware my trusty virtue, be
Vested aright. (*spreading map.*) Let us again each fortress,
The enemy, and all our posts review
That no mistakes arise, for, when the wolves
Are at the door there should be certainty
Before we sleep, that all's secure. [*intent on map.*]

Enter ladies.

1st Lady. See how intent they are. Let's play some trick.
What shall it be? Mischief it must.—Devise,
Reason with your wits.—

2d Lady. I know.—Let's be an army,
Surround their forts, attack their rear,
And carry all into captivity.—(*dissent.*)
Let us with stratagem surround the band,
Blindfold them with our handkerchiefs, and swear
They are our prisoners.—

Young Lady. Nay—rather let's arouse the foe,
And, in one mutual attack, lift arms,
Receive the charge, and in close quarters hot,
Volley our kisses in their very mouths,
Roll in their ears our love till they confess
Who loves—a captive never failed to take.
By stratagem we women win men's hearts,
Then, proud of our trophies, with affection march,
Arm in arm, and never out of step, or time,
And so give joy that cannot come too soon.

Ladies surround, blindfold and captivate Generals. Mob in distance. Enter WILLIAM.

William. Massa, massa, here's the riotous mob.

Enter NAZALHEAD and mob.

Nazalhead. (seeing capture.) Go'da' me!
Here captive leads captivity.

Mob. Hang up the effigy!
Up with the effigy! (*seeing Washington.*) The General! The General!

Washington. What means this most unseemly gathering?

Nazalhead. So please you, sir, this is a traitor. [*effigy.*
The enemy of our America,

And, da' me, this is every traitor's fate. [*hangs effigy.*

Washington. If you're a true American,
Ne'er let me hear you swear again.

Nazalhead. Da' me!

How can I help, when Governors are false
Unto their sacred trusts.

Washington. How, do you think,
Will Heaven reward those who profane His name?

Nazalhead. Da' me, it is my habit—yet I'll forbear
The hellish habit.

Green. (*to Washington.*) Though a bad thing,
'Twill have a good effect. Leave them,
Or indirectly cherish them.

Washington. (*to mob.*) Good people,
Carry not too far your sports. Mercy you seek,
To others mercy show. You fight for peace,
Show how you value it by giving peace,
Even to your foes. Our cause is just and good,
And, though our hosts be few, they're brave and true,
Seeking no coward's help. You all love life?
Who'll give his neck unto the enemy's yoke?—

I will not call him knave and take his life.—

No, no—go. Be a British slave who will.
We want you not. Go,—join the imperialists.
Do what you will. We, friends of liberty,
Leave each one to his will, and can afford
To win our battles for ourselves.—We are
In spirit what we'd be in deed, free, free.

And if you, too, would be, why,—stand with us.—

Mob. We shall! we shall! for Washington hurrah!
For Liberty, hurrah!

Enter aid de camp.

Aid de camp. (*to Washington.*) Your excellency.
Here's an ambassador seeking your head-quarters.

Washington. Usher him here. (*to ambassador.*) Well, sir,
whom would you see?

Ambassador. Mr. Washington.

Washington. Mr. Washington?—
I know him not;—know you Mr. Washington? [to *Green.*
Do you? Nor you?

Ambassador. Why, you are he.

Washington. Nay, sir,
I'm General Washington. In private I
Am Mr. Washington, in public, General.
Nor will I, under any other name,
Regard a message from our foe. Captain,
Escort him to our quarters, give him food,
Or what refreshment he may choose, then see
Him safe returned.—I'll not accept his letter.

Ambassador. As you refuse my letter, I, your food,
Yet thank you for all courtesies.

Washington. True men
Are always courteous.

Ambassador. (aside.) Confound their pride.
Was pride and poverty e'er so allied?
An army made of ragged, raw, recruits,
Who fly the sight of red-coats.—Generals
Who've only fought with Indians in the bush,
And yet so dare the British fleet and arms!
'Tis ignorance!—God bless their ignorance.
Oh, sorry sight, when blinded people thus
Through ignorance trample their thorny paths,
Bleeding the while to the accursed end,
When peace and plenty's offered them. (to *General.*) Farewell!
I fear the roar of cannon must deliver
What my still voice could not.

Lee. We'll meet it sir,
As last we did at Bunker's Hill. Farewell.

[Exit *Ambassador.*

Officer. (pointing along Broadway.) See, gentlemen,
A rider spurring all along Broadway,
Lashing his foaming steed:—he waves his hand.

Arnold. 'Tis news, good news.—A messenger from
Congress.

Washington. Pray Heaven it be that news I've wished so
long—
America an independent land.

Officer He sees you, hurries on—dismounts, and runs.

Enter messenger.

Messenger. (giving letter.) News for your excellency.

Arnold. No ignorance is blest
But children's, when no sad experience
Teaches true life.—(*aside.*) My first moral lesson.

Washington. (*having read.*) Go, ring the bells.—
Proclaim to captives liberty.—Congress,
At last, declares America shall free
Herself from England's yoke.

All. Hurrah! Hurrah!

Washington reads aloud Declaration of Independence.

Nazalhead. Da' me, hip, hip, hurrah!

Washington. (*to Generals*) To all the troops
Go, tell, America can now reward
Those who defend her shores—Their trust will grow,
For this is digging and manuring earth
Where freedom's seeds are sown. Promise of wealth
Turns misers into patriots. (*to people.*) This news
To latest generations shall go down,
And free America shall celebrate
This birthday of our country's history
With banners flying, music, dance and song,
And gay processions. Men and women, youth,
Rich and poor, shall all make holiday. [*Bells without.*
There go the bells, and lusty cheers. The air
Rejoices with the sound. Here come the crowds,
Each happier than another:—ho! what's this?
Another effigy?

Nazalhead. (*dragging statue of King George.*) The statue
of the king.
We'll have no king, nor statue of a king,
But coin the metal into bullets and
Shoot down the English with their king.

All. Ha! ha! ha!
Hurrah for free America.

(*Sing.* Wave the star-bespangled flag of liberty;
America no other banner owns.—
Let music, dance and mirth proclaim the news,
For 'neath oppressors feet no more she groans,
Then, hip, hip, hurrah for America,
For the land of the free, hurrah! hurrah!

Bells. Music. Processions.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Long Island.*

Putnam. (solo.) 'Tis a strange shot that kills all. General Green
Is fevered, and his looked-for death, to me,
Brings life. While in New York, although the river
Suffered by me, I had so little hopes
Of active life, that, like a fish on land,
I thought I could not live. Now, thanks to heaven
That gives this happy chance—tho' heaven knows no
chance,
For it has all things ordered. Idle soldiers
Are like leashed hounds in sight of hares. The will,
However strong, is vain. I seemed besieged
From hope of glory, and the dearest hope
Of this old hoary head is to defend
My native land, or die in its defence,
And, ere I yield, this sword will cleave the gate
Of death, with bloody gash to many men.
Old Putnam's but a boy in spirits;— [dances.
Egad as supple too. Old age like this,
Boyhood like mine, is paradise. The thoughts
Of early days, of playground Indian quarrels,
Boyish fights and bare escapes from scalping,
Battles with the French, and even galivanting,
Hurry on my memory in grand review,
And, I feel eager for the fight,—spurring
In my imagination my good old steed
As fiery as myself. Oh, for that day—
That draws so near—when I, to lively airs,
Shall beat this sword upon my foe. Even now
I feel inclined to dance, but must away
Like schoolboy to my geography. [exit.

Enter skirmishing fugitives on one side. Washington opposite.

Fugitives. Quarter! Quarter! Mercy!

Washington. What mean you braying asses?

What noise is this? Whence? Where fly you? From what?
Are these your friends? They are your enemies.
Why show your backs?—Oh, Heavens! are you the men

By whom I must defend America!
 Call you yourselves soldiers, or patriots?
 Or even men? Fools are only fleet on fields
 Where all's to lose or win. Have you got hearts?
 Are you Americans? No! no! never!
 You would not so disgrace America.
 Americans have brave, bold spirits
 That know no fear, and fear no foe. Avaunt,
 You timid things. Yet stay. Prove you love life;
 If so, buy it. There comes your daring foe.
 Advance, and, face to face, do valiantly.—
 Why do you falter, stare, or not obey;
 There is your foe, advance. I'll shoot the first
 That dares retreat, or turns away his face. [presents.
 I'll once again command and down comes he
 Who'll not obey—Advance. That's it. Brave boys,
 Steady and bold, go in to them. Well done. [exeunt soldiers.
 (Solo.) They're gallant fellows after all. Poor men,
 They never saw a battle-field before.
 And, from my heart, I pity them.—'Tis strange
 These bands go skirmishing like hunting men
 In search of game.—There seems no discipline,
 And soldiers, wanting strictest discipline,
 Form but a rabble.—Oh, would Green were well!
 Surely Heaven has not struck him down in wrath;
 For if I thought our cause unjust, unrighteous,
 I'd stop lest I should fight against the Lord.—
 The great excitement must have fevered him,
 And I must bear his loss. His absence is,
 No doubt, the cause of all disorder, which
 Now must be stayed. Ho, bugler! call the captains:
 Let your shrill horn be heard on Brooklyn heights
 And Bedford hills. (exit bugler.) Were all my fighting men
 As dubious as myself, Heaven help our land.—
 Yet, I must counterfeit, and play me bold,
 Although the awful thought of my great trust—
 The leading of this land for weal or woe,—
 Weighs heavily:—to bear a nation's woes,
 To be responsible in history
 For all a nation's acts,—bring it success,
 Or lose the day and seal its doom,—great God,
 What man could calmly bear such thoughts?

William. (entering with widow and her children.) Massa,

This 'ere woman swears she'll see you, though it may cost her life.

Washington. Let the afflicted woman speak.

Widow. Oh, sir,
Have mercy on a widow with her babes.
My husband and my son have for their country died,
And I, poor and friendless, seek safety for these.
Where, tell me where, must I go? Homeless,
And hungry, grant us help.

Washington. (solo.) Oh, greedy war,
Thou, like a vulture on the human race,
Dost swoop with mad impetuosity,
Thoughtless of ruin. The gory carnage left
Upon the field should surely be enough—
But no—orphans and widows, innocent
As heaven itself must come within thy clutch,
And suffer, with their lacerated hearts,
Afresh from poverty. *(to woman.)* Woman, for you,
And such as you I've made provision:—go.
My man will tell you what to do.—William
Provide for her immediate wants, and give
Instructions for her future. *[exeunt woman and WILLIAM.]*

'Tween Hope and Fear
As 'tween two giant foes, my soul is tossed.—
Yet, what we wish cannot be got without
Widows, orphans numberless, and,—though
Ten thousand mourn, we may not win, for men
Without experience, like ours, we fear.—
The foe the sword can slay is but a myth,
And conscience, cares, and troubles of the mind,
What man can kill? They ever wrestle, toss,
Pursue, torment, and, though they seem to fall,
They rise and conquer us in unawares.—
No matter. A trial must prove our strength.—Yes.—

Enter Captains.—Mutual greeting.

Good evening, gentlemen; your martial haste
Becomes you well.
I have appointed General Putnam here
For General Green—skilful in arms, expert
And active on the field, seizes his chance
When it is seen. I trust he'll have success,
As he with your co-operation shall,
Though wanting it, he'll fight in vain. I'm grieved,
Most deeply grieved to have to order him

To lecture you.—The discipline is loose,
 And must not be. Soldiers must have one will,
 And that one will their General's; and that,
 Without the strictest martial laws can't be.
 If jealousy exists 'mong officers,
 'Twill, like an epidemic, pass from rank
 To rank, and man to man, and thus I find
 A different will in every company,
 Factions in every class, and regiments
 Displeased when led by stranger officers,
 Or other countrymen.—It must not be;
 It shall not be. Let's melt the ores in one,
 And let each regiment rejoice it forms
 The army of America.

Lord Stirling. Sir,
 These men will never leave the field they lose.
 They're not that soft and malleable stuff
 They seem to strangers' eyes. A child might lead them
 If they wish, but, 'gainst their will, legions
 Of devils would not make them stir.

Captain. Factions
 Are rife and rifer' grow, but discipline
 Will cut them down as scythes cut golden corn.
 Then, with one will, shoulder to shoulder, on
 Through fire and sword they'll press.

Washington. Heaven grant they may.
 Remind them of the battle of Sullivan;
 Of Bunker's Hill where they were not disdained,
 Nor yet disgraced, although defeated.—
 Here Putnam comes: go to your posts while I
 With him the strongholds and redoubts review.

Yankee Doodle played in enemy's camp in distance.

Hear this! Revenge that insult.

Stirling. By heavens we shall,
 And free us from the insulters haughty hold,
 And have our deeds in history told. [exeunt.

SCENE II. *Another part of Long Island.* Enter two deserters.
Guns, trumpets, etc.

1st Deserter. (sings.) Oh, mother dear, my love's so true,
 That I'm skedaddling home to you.

2d Deserter. (sings.) No, first be rich then home again,

So come with me and rob the slain.

1st Deserter. I will—But for this war I had been rich
And settled quietly in my home.

2d Deserter. (*showing his thefts.*) See man,
Look! look! From officers I took these spoils.
They're small, but precious. Thieves must consider bulk.

1st Deserter. Suppose we're found robbing the dead:—we
may—

Then be shot!

2d Deserter. When any one comes near, lie down,
And cry for help, but e'er the doctor comes,
We'll bear away.

1st Deserter. 'Tis good. Let's gather here.
He's an officer. (*robbing.*) There's a step—

2d Deserter. Lie down.
Help! water! brandy! help. [enter soldier.

Soldier. Here's brandy, drink.—
Where are your wounds?

2d Deserter. Internal. Bring the doctor.
Soldier. (*going.*) I will. 'Twill be all right. Keep up
your spirits.

2d Deserter. Get up. Let's off. This way—no, this.

Exeunt and re-enter.

Oh, God, here come the bloody Hessians. [exeunt.

Enter SULLIVAN pursued by Hessians.

Hessian. Yield you
My prisoner.

Sullivan. (*fights.*) Ne'er while I have a sword.
Come on, and give my thirsty sword thy blood.
I, unpaid, fight for liberty, but you
Are paid with British gold, and patriots
Will ne'er to hirelings yield. Americans
Have yet to learn to yield—Heaven grant
They never may. (*disarmed.*) 'Tis through necessity.
I've fought and failed, and, with unsullied fame
I loose my sword. The greatest, too, must fail
At Fate's command.—Lead me to butchery,
For, doubtless, with your will that is my fate,
Only your master's British flag forbids—
So lead me as a captured General.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter STIRLING, surrounded.

L. Stirling. Is there no help? No reinforcement comes.
Good God, what brave men I have lost this day.

The fiend of battle seems in every heart,
 The sword of hell in every hand, but death,
 So near, is far from every thought, except
 The greedy wish for foes'. And yet, they fall,
 The brave men fall 'gainst dreadful odds.
 These bloody overwhelming Hessians.
 Like human butchers, ply their bayonets,
 Yield no mercy to the wounded even,
 But cut as ploughmen with their scythes mow weeds,
 With countless odds. Boldly we stand, and fall,
 And, had I equal numbers I should win;
 But all around there is the fiery foe.—
 My men will leave their bodies where they stand
 Rather than yield. Such blood must not be lost.—
 There is no help. To save my stalwart men
 I'll yield my sword.—Here is their leader. Ho!
 Ho! there stop all this carnage. Take my sword
 And spare my men. For them I yield. [gives sword.
Bugle.

Hessian. Thank you,
 'Tis well. (to bugler) Stop.

exeunt.

Bugle sounds. Battle ceases. Enter thieves.

SCENE III.—*Same. Next morning. Foggy.*

Washington. (solo.) The sky is misty, like my mind.
 Black clouds,
 With their ill-omened scowls, envelope hope,
 The dearest partner of my breast. Nearer,
 And nearer they approach, and in their arms,
 They hide my soul as in despair. Defeated!
 Lord Stirling, Sullivan, are prisoners,
 And, unprotected from the angry heavens
 In her inclement mood, nine thousand men,
 Wounded, and weary, left with me.—Defeated!
 Means that that I, the General of the forces,
 Must answer for the souls of those who fell;
 That I must seek the safety of the saved,
 And answer for the follies of the day,—
 For there are fools who'll call it butch'ring sport?
 Will Congress rage and cry against me, "why?"
 Will men and women meet me in the streets,
 And cry, "hail, loser, murderer," perhaps.

“ Where is my father, husband, friend? ” While they
Lie sleeping in their gory graves, shall I
With stinging conscience, friends upbraiding, walk,
With broken heart, slowly to death? Oh, God!
Thou knowest the heart of man. Give guidance, God,
For well I know our cause is good. Lost! lost!
An army and a country—lost! Oh, no!
Great Heavens, I have not lost so much. No, no,
America must not be lost. Thou wilt,
Oh, God, thou wilt not leave us in distress.
Thou hast but tried us on this field. Thy ways
Are not like ours. Disclose thy power. Withdraw,
From thy designs, these clouds, and let sweet hope,
Bursting from out the gloom, fill all our hearts,
Banish our fears, and feed our souls with trust.—
Hope beams again. Yes, I shall hope, and win. [exit.

(Enter REID and officer.)

Officer. (solo.) The enemy is preparing for the tides,
Purposing to sail in silence round Red Hook,
Then anchor in East River, thus surround us.
I think 'twere well to leave Long Island now.
Would you advise the General?

Reid. I see their scheme. 'Tis deep.
I'll tell the General. He's here about. [Exit Officer.
(solo.) Deep scheme, like that that foiled us yesterday.
Yet how nine thousand men can hence retreat,
From off an island, while their victors lie
Enseconced within the hearing of their voice,
And safely cross a mile of water; God—
It is impossible.—No matter.—He comes.

(Enter WASHINGTON. MRS. RAPELYE eavesdropping.)
I'll tell him all.

Mrs. Rapelye. (solo.) Tell Washington all?
For weeks my woman's heart has boiled revenge,
And, like a burning mountain, I could spit
Enough of fiery hate to swamp the host,
Would chance but favor me. Could I but grasp
That villian, Washington, I'd make him dance
A jig he never danced before. Man-thief,
Villian, adventurer and knave, devil,—
May Heaven forgive me for that wicked word.
He, Washington, my husband banished. Why?
What did he do? Nothing. Banished for nothing—
I'll be revenged.

Washington. (to *Reid.*) Good God! summon a council.
Call all the officers. [exit *Reid.*]

Mrs. Rapelye. Mark me my man,
I'll hear your council too. [exit,

Washington. Black darkness lowers.
Was ever fate like mine? Yet I must hope.

Despair ne'er wooed a woman for a wife,
Nor won a battle o'er a foe. Never

In history were signal victories won
Without their signal woes. My mind believes

That this dark day presages glorious dawn,
That brilliantly shall show its cheering beams

To generations down. Life's anchor, hope,
Grapples with the certain ground and holds to life,

Riding in safety 'mid tempestuous waves

Gaping for it. The battle in my mind
Sheds not my blood, yet wounds my feelings, strains

My wits, cripples my desire, and breaks my heart,
And tortures me with worse than fleshly wounds

That doctors cannot heal. They come. They come,
Now must I cheer me up. 'Tis a bad morn

(Enter Officers.)

In which to bid good day. [Mutual courtesies. *Mrs. Rapelye* listening.]

Officer. We soldiers, sir,
Like farmers, take the weather as it comes.

Washington. Do farmers so—without a grudge?

Second Officer. Their grumbling cheers it not.

Washington. Let's to our task, and task your highest wits,
That we, combined, consider and conclude
Our wisest course. You know our foeman's thoughts.
Shall we, determined, stand or retreat? Think.
To stand, or go—decide for which.—

Officer. Retreat,
Safely conducted, is an art in war,
Yet here methinks it is impossible.
Think of our numbers, and our means,—the foes
Lie in our sight. They know our every move.
We must obtain the water's edge before
The enemy observes us gone—but there
We should be overcome.

Washington. If we remained?

Second Officer. Surrounded, we have no chance.

Third Officer. None. Attempt
In cover of the mist.

All Officers. We must attempt.

Washington. 'Tis said. We shall. Still, let it be unknown. Command your men for a night attack, strike tents, Continue sentinels, and show no change. While going on I'll force the Marblehead's To bring their boats I'll manage it. Quickly And quietly be the words. Farewell. [exeunt all.

Mrs. Rapelye. Ho! John, Come here (enter *John*). Swear you'll obey my orders now.

John. She'll flay me if I don't. I swear.

Mrs. Rapelye. At once Go to the British camp and tell their foes Are all decamping. Haste.

John. The sentinels, Oh, Lord, how shall I pass the sentinels! [exit.

Mrs. Rapelye. Now shall I be revenged. Oh, happy day, [exit.

(Enter soldiers silently. strike tents and march. Enter *Mrs. Rapelye*.

Mrs. Rapelye. All gone, and I had no revenge! Good God! I'll faint. Why have I lost my sweet revenge?— No British near? All sentinels have gone. My slave has played me false. I'll murder him. Woe's me! Woe's me! [Hysterical.

(Enter British soldiers with *JOHN*. Stealthily.)

Officer. Too true! A weeping old woman only left. A Yankee trick. Most neatly sold, by Jove. Pursue them to the ferries. Catch some.

[*Exeunt some soldiers.*]

To Mrs. Rapelye. My Yankee woman, why are you behind?

John. My Missus, sir, who sent me unto you When Heister took me prisoner.

(Re-enter soldiers with two thieves.)

Soldier. We've searched the fields, but only found these two,

Hid by the misty clouds, robbing the dead.

Officer. Villians! unrob. and hang them on this tree.

(Every thing taken from them, the ropes adjusted and led to execution.)

Thieves. (sobbing song.) Oh, mother would we'd minded you, And e'er the battle hotter grew, Wisely skedaddled home to you. [exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*House in Staten Island.*

Lord Howe. (solo.) They must yield now. They have no hope.—Unmatched, In everything but spirits, yield they must. 'Twere madness to go on,—and though our foes They are our friends. 'Tis much against my will I press this brutal war. To war with foes, With other customs, language different, Faces not the same, there is pleasure: but Americans are but ourselves, the same In manners, language, and appearances,— Really friends and countrymen.—No, no, I'll pray for peace. Fiends may with fiends, in hell, Fight as they may, but earthly friends must 'gree. I'll use my influence for peace. I would That it were stronger than it is. All hope Is limited, and when beyond its bounds, 'Tis madness still to hope. Hope shuts her eyes, And fear drives on to ruin. They cannot hope. If just their cause, their hopes are vain.—Each trial Proves them unfit. Not once a victory. Disaster on disaster comes. Their wills Seem blinded to their fates.—I see those come. I must go lead them in.

(*Exit and re-enter with Members of Congress.*)

Lord Howe. This officer, I meant to stay as hostage in your camp. Why have you not?

Mr. Adams. We deal with Englishmen, My lord, and, though we war with them, we know They'll not pollute their honored name. We trust an Englishman's pledged word as much As any hostage he can give. [*exit officer. All seated.*]

Lord Howe. Be't known The grounds on which we meet. You are not here As members of a body organized Against our king, but private gentlemen Of influence, who can, if you will, make peace—

Mr. Adams. We're here to hear; to hold our speech or speak As best may profit us. Think as you may, My lord, we're members of the Congress.

Dr. Franklin. My lord, I wept, when last, in your good sister's house,

We spoke of this, and you espoused our cause.—

Lord Howe. Only to settle it. Never to yield.

Dr. Franklin. Even now, my lord, you war against your will.—

Lord Howe. I prove that by the tardiness with which I follow up my victories.

Dr. Franklin. My lord,
When you shall find we'll not accept your offers,
I trust you'll yield your odious command,
And to more honorable life retire.

Lord Howe. My personal thoughts are subjects to my king.

When he commands I will obey, and now,
I only speak his will in wishing peace.—
Given only by allegiance of the land.

Mr. Adams. Never! It cannot be. Our overtures, my lord,
Were treated with contempt, and to our insults
Were injuries given afresh, which we, my lord,—
High born as you,—resist to deadly war.
Congress declares our Independence, and,
Though willing, can't revoke. Your lordship's kind,
Yet tell an unkind tale to patriot ears
Which hear but cannot heed.

Lord Howe. Sorry am I.

Dr. Franklin. The discontent that rankles in our breasts,
And circulates in all our veins, my lord,
No medicine but liberty will purge.
Long did we bear, but now forbear. We own
No higher power. With Britain we have done,
Except co-equal. Unto the root
Of despotism the axe is laid; good men
Shall hew until that haughty sapping tree
Has all his hoary locks singed in the fire
Of fair democracy. We all are free.
Freedom is the just birthright of all men,
And never shall we yield our rights.

Other Members. Never!

Rutledge. With scorn we pay the scorn we got. My lord,
The trying times and dire calamities,
Besetting our newborn States, in nothing
Changes our fixed desires. America
Is independent, and shall ever be
A safe asylum for the bold and free.

Lord Howe. Your motives, gentlemen, I honor, yet
Deplore your deeds. That we cannot agree,

As is my fondest wish, I much regret;—
And, be assured, compelled thus to distress
Those whom I much regard, gives me much pain.

Dr. Franklin. We thank your lordship, yet, assure you that
Americans, trying to assuage your pains,
Will tend themselves.

Mr. Adams. (rising.) Our conference is done?
Lord Howe. Yes, ineffectually. Stay, gentlemen,
And share our English hospitality.

Mr. Adams. Never, till we're agreed. Farewell, my lord.
Dr. Franklin. My friend, my country's foe, farewell.

Lord Howe. (solo.) True, noble hearts! My heart beats
for their friendship,
But duty, principle, forbid. The task
I would avoid I must perform.—I must.
The British name shall ne'er by me be shamed,
Nor my own laurels by another claimed. [exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Apartment in Washington's headquarters near Philadelphia.*

Washington. (to Reed.) Hast heard of Lee?

Reed. No sir. (solo.) A lie—I have.

Washington. 'Tis strange. He seems most tardy in his moves.

I ordered him to march with haste.

Reed. Perhaps

He found the foe, and sought new honors there.

Washington. He has no right to disobey. Had I,
In all my will, been more obeyed, this day
America should show a better sight,
And tell a better tale.—I have bad luck.
Not luck; it is the natural consequence
Of all our acts. Unlucky men blame stars
And fortune when they fail, but when they prosper,
They praise themselves: so, I must blame myself.
Congress I've pressed a hundred times to know
That short enlistments are our ruin. Useless.—
Am I responsible for all? Rumor,

Lurking in every breast, steals my good name,
Stains it with infamy, affixes to its flag,
And waves it openly.

Reed. (solo.) His star declines,
And Lee's ascends. I lose my faith in him.
Not in himself, but in his fate, and man
Will never follow man whom fortune shuns.—
A gallant general, no doubt, but wants
What generals ought to have—firm resolution
That friends can neither break nor bend.

Washington. Know you
How men display themselves?

Reed. This much I know,
That all, even to a man, will stand by you.

Washington. Were all like you they would.

Reed. (solo.) All like me! Oh, Heavens!
I am the greatest traitor of them all.
He trusted me with all his thoughts and plans.
I was his bosom friend and knew as much
As if one mind served both, yet, Judas-like,
I turn on him. Oh, God! I will desist,
Reveal my treachery, seek pardon, and—
Yet no—I've gone too far. I cannot stay.
Now must I season sin with lies, to hide,
From men, my faults and self-accusing heart.
Still will I seem his friend; gather his thoughts
As I would gather flowers, and make a wreath
For my own brow. 'Tis well. *(to Washington.)* Rely on it,
If all men were to thee as I, thy name
Should soon be named by every tongue, and writ
On every heart, thy acts retold with care,
And wars in mind refought.—

Washington. I'm weary, Reed.
Leave me to court the balmy arms of sleep
Anxiety has stolen. At least, in thee
I have an honest friend.

Reed. (solo.) Lingering again,
While clouds of danger hover o'er. Ah, me!
Would I could see him changed for fiery Lee.—
I trust your Excellency may win your wish. *[exit.]*

Washington. (solo.) While I have Reed I'll never want a
brother
With whom to trust my cares.—Last time
I slept, a field was my bed, and Heaven
My canopy, and soundly did I sleep.
To-night this palace shelters me, and yet

I am less fortunate. Weary and worn,
 With worse than manual work, in this gay room,
 Sleep needs no courting. She will come.—Soft couch,
 A heavier burden never lay on thee. [*lies down.*]
 Sweet sleep, a wearier heart ne'er sought thy grace.
 Oh, what an enviable thing is sleep,
 The sweet restorer of our power. It soothes
 The troubled heart; makes it, by fairy dreams,
 Forget its cares until it dances, sings,
 Or bounds for very joy. Oh, what a gain
 Were man's did he forever sleep, having
 No sorrows, sores, nor sad experience.
 And yet, avaunt such thought, for what is man?
 God's image, born to bear and praise his name.
 But where's the praise in passing mummy-like,
 Our lives? He is a noble man who bears,
 And hopes to overcome, and mean is he
 Who having present joy, fears to seek more.—
 Sleep is the friend of bravery, and foe —
 Of all that's wrong.—

(*Soft music. Sleeps. Enter SPIRIT LIBERTY with laurels.*)

Washington. (*dreaming.*) Dear idol of my soul,
 Thou lingerest long. Thy love will break his heart.
 Long weary hours I pondered over thee.
 In darkest days I watched the hov'ring clouds ;
 In brighter nights I tried to while the time
 By speaking with the stars.—Now you are come.
 Moon after moon, with all their changes passed,
 Day followed night, and night the day, and tears
 Came gushing from my broken heart in vain,
 To think that thou had'st promised, not fulfilled.
 Now thou art here—and dost thou love me still?
 Wilt now fulfil thy pledge?

Liberty. See'st thou this wreath?
 'Twas for thy brow. 'Twas culled in heavenly plains,
 While fairies sweetest incantations raised
 Till all the welkin tingled with their joy,
 And spirits, cannonading far beyond
 Amid the woful din of war, bewitched,
 Threw down their deadly arms, and joined our joys,
 Singing thy name in chorus to our songs,
 Amid the reigning peace.—Deserve you it?
 Has it been culled in vain? Why weary you?
 Honor's worth toil, and cheap at highest price.
 'Tis wrong to be disheartened for the right,

For it exceeds all might.

Washington. Upbraid me not.
I'm but a man; and more, for such a task,
And such a love as thine, you need.

Liberty. Not so.
Yet I perceive your love grows cold—

Washington. No, no.
I love thee—worship thee. Tell me thy will,
For I, poor blinded mortal, cannot see
The way of Heaven. By all that's good I swear—

Liberty. Swear not. No man himself can keep a vow.
Without a higher aid he makes and mars at once.
See, here's your work—to free America.
O'er every difficulty press, and this,
With other gifts, is yours. I'll fit it on.
The joy you feel in this is but a foretaste
Of greater joys. *[takes off.*

Washington. Nay, sweetheart, leave me it.

Liberty. Heaven only gives reward to those who win,
Though men give honors to dishonest men.
First win, then wear—work hard—never look down.
Farewell! Press on, and this shall be your crown.

[exit. Music.

Washington. (awake.) Too short, too sweet, to last. It
was a dream!
Was it a mockery? Deluding myth!
Even if it were, it was a happy scene
For which I'd sleep again. She bade me work,—
Press on. By Heavens, for such a crown I shall. *[exit.*

(Enter REED and LEE.)

Resd. He's gone.

Lee. Let's speak our minds. What news?
Mirabile dictu! good luck sticks to me.
No wonder, many a spell has crossed my wish,
Driving me on.

Reed. His caution's much too great;—
Too honest with men's lives.

Lee. Probitas laudatur et alget.

Reed. Exactly so.

Lee. Stat magni nominis umbra.
Rather than that, I'd be a slave. Something,
Or nothing, I must be. Those idiot blocks,
Who bless their stars because they get their food,
I hate and curse. I'd rather be a man
Who, through ambition, falls to beggary,

Than he who gets his father's purse, and eats, drinks,
 Daddles through life and is forgot. Damn these.—
 I'll make, or mar, my way.—I mind not which:
 It suits my devil-may-care spirit. Through thick
 And thin I plod; through clouds and cloudless skies
 I gladly soar. Provision for to-morrow
 I never make, because it never comes.—
 For when to-morrow comes then 'tis to-day.
 It brings, per fas et nefas, all I want,
 So grieve I not, but take what is not given,
 For my philosophy is like the French,—
Aide-toi le Ciel t'aidera—

Reed. Oh, Washington, had'st thou but such a spirit,
 A soldier would'st thou be in very deed
 By which America should soon be freed.

(to *Lee.*) Men's minds ferment with feverish thoughts that
 rise.

And, spreading, gaze for change, and every eye
 Is on the hero of the South. I, too, /
 Look there for safety—only there. Decision
 Our head has not, and, wanting this there's no
 Such sad calamity in generalship.

Lee. Now we're in secret met, speak plain and brief.
 Speak well pro aris et focis.

Reed. Your cheering, bold ambition is as great
 As is his fickleness.

Lee. In love or war—

God kows a soldier knows them both, though love
 Ne'er broke a soldier's heart—let me at once
 Bring forth my fate. I, like women in travail,
 Labor and groan, anxious to know what fruits
 My destiny may bear. If saint or devil, I,
 Some day must meet—damnu't let that day be now.
 Who tries may win, but he who never tries
 Must ever lose. Inaction eats the life
 As rust corrodes good steel. Who fears the future
 Will please the world but once, and that when death
 Ventures his shroud on him. Give me a rake
 Who fears not woman, want nor fickle fate,
 And there you'll see the spirit of true man
 This selfish world rejects.—But idle words
 Are thieves of precious time, so, inter nos,
 Please speak your mind.

Reed. Fortune's in sight. Like men,
 Downcast, let's take fate in our hands,
 Make her succumb to us, waiting no more
 For Washington.—Each day the rising sun

Shows some new danger, if the moon has not,—
And but for you, methinks, the army would
Have been annihilated. Men cry “Lee!
Where’s Lee? the hero of the South. Let Lee
But try, and British ships shall soon to Britain.

Lee. Vox populi is everthing to me.—

Reed. Then have you everything, and he wants all.—
With others speed to Congress and review
The tottering State, and hosts —like thawing snow,—
Melting away: that by a changed foundation,
Changed management can only save the State.
Enlist the men for no fixed term, for they
But skulk their foes till that day comes. They must
Be soldiers while there’s war, and then they’ll strive
To overcome. This Congress knows, and too,
That you must be the chief.

Lee. A l’outrance!

I’ll catch the laurel offered me. This life
Is but a wild goose chase at best, but, if
The fattest goose I catch I’ll feed the better,
Yet be the less a goose.

Reed. One thing I fear—
By rashness you may rue your acts.

Lee. Both fear and rue are strange to me. The first
Is foreign to soldier’s breast; the second—well—
An old maid’s balm. That she was loved she rues,
But that she was not wed she doubly rues,
So rues her birth, her life, and love. Like her,
As dernier ressort, when she her locks
With double care betrimms, fills up her wrinkles,
Pencils her eyes, and, with the roseate rouge
Blushes her haggard cheeks, I’ll change his plans,
Pervert his ways, first lead his army wrong,
Then, with heroic aid deliver it,
So get the praise he’ll lose.

Reed. Now must we go,
So hide our presence still. Who’s this? ’Tis Green.
This way.—All men are jealous of the spy. [exeunt.

Enter Green.

Green. Much have we ventured, nothing won, yet time—
To some a friend, to some a foe,— will show
What praise we’ve won.

Officer. That cursed Fort affair
Will tell no good. If we display not arms
Superior, our wars to ridicule

His torians shall turn.

Green. And I, perchance,
The mad cap of the play. How falsely men
Judge other men. The windows of the mind—
The eyes and face—men look through and behold
What pleases them. The blinders, justice and truth,
Cover at will.

Officer. Few men can read the mind,
So by the purse award the praise.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter WASHINGTON.

Washington. My heart's joy's like a sun
That lights my face with golden rays, reflecting
Pleasure, happiness, on all around.
My bright hopes bloom. Sweet paradise of joy
Falls, like a precious soothing balm, from Heaven
On careworn man. To him joy is a comet
A wand'ring stranger, in his atmosphere;
A planet whence comes little light, yet seems
A distant, happy, world he hopes to reach;
Or fixed star far beyond his milky way.
Oh precious phial of heaven, stored for the saint
And strained to man, praise God —thy boon I share.—
My youth revives, my spirits are elastic,
And I could dance as David did. My soul
Is soothed, my griefs have vanished, and my hopes
Most brightly blaze. I fancied I had foes,—
'Twas but a fancy. Friend to Washington
Who is not when each fairy is? My star
Was brilliant though behind a cloud. This life,
To every one, has seasons cold and hot,
Wet, dry, happy and sad, yet, though unknown,
Our sun shines all the while. Oh, may my hope
No more enfold his head in such grim clouds,
But live and look beyond.

Enter NAZALHEAD abruptly.

Nazalhead. (*slapping Washington's shoulder.*) Well, son
of a gun.
Da' me, I guess you know me well.—You don't?
That is strange, Gov'nor.—I calculate you do.
No matter, names are nothing to my message.
I guess you'll hear of news, although, da' me,
I'd like a cocktail e'er I tell.—You've none?—
Da' me, you beat the British there.

Washington.) Sirrah,
What means your insolence?

Nazalhead. Insolence?
Is the rook insolent because he crows?
Are doves, or any birds, because they mate?
Are dogs, because they bark? No, sir. It is,
Methinks, their nature, so 'tis mine
To be of froward speech.—

Washington. Have done. What means
Your visit here,—your rash intrusion, rather?

Nazalhead. I'm like the light, the heat, the air,—I come,
And enter every opening.

Washington. Forget not
You're neither light, heat, air, but tangible,
And can be struck.

Nazalhead. (squaring.) Da' me, strike on. I fear
Nor man, nor devil-born. Within this breast
There beats a true and honest heart that brooks
Insult from none,—no, not from you, for whom
I would do anything.—

Washington. Well, for your news.

Nazalhead. Now that your civil—hear, I'll speak, and show
More than your head's in danger.

Washington. What more can be?

Nazalhead. Your honor, sir.

Washington. Be brief—what do you mean?

Nazalhead. I'll show you that opinion, like the wind,
Is veering round from you. Foes foster it,
And friends, like stalwart trees, bow with the wind
As if they had no will. A candidate
Bespeaks your place, and seeks that open honor
He has in every heart.

Washington. Who may he be?

Nazalhead. One you've favored—favor still—George Lee.

Washington. (solo.) This may be news.—There's some-
thing here. 'Tis like;
His conduct lately has been questionable.
And yet,—it cannot be. Oh, no,—'tis not.
I'll harbor not, within my breast, a thought
Against a friend from this—stranger villain.
Insulter, begone.—I'll hear not your words,—
Foul fabrications of the mind. Avaunt,
And tell thy tarnished tale to idle ears.—

Nazalhead Good day.
But, da' me, Gov'nor, all is true. [exit.

William. (entering.) A man has just arrived, and bids
me say, a reeking post awaits your

Pleasure. He's no more a reeking post than I'm a burning one.

Washington. If he be reeking your are charred. Well, sir [enter post.]

What news with you?

Messenger. I want instructions, sir, For General Heath. He has commands from you To stand, while General Lee commands him march: Yet, will he not until he knows your wish. You'll find particulars in this. [letter given.]

Washington. The arguments grow strong, And, though the sound seems strange, the sense seems true. Could he, indeed, repay my love like this.— My efforts for his welfare so reward? With all my airy dreams of joy, I fear My life is doomed to dark oblivion. Oh, friendship, what art thou? A choking briar That, with thy sweet perfumes and flowery arms, Encircl'st better plants and kill'est them, Smiling more happ'ly at their death. Thou art A double-minded wench who playest false, [enter messenger?] Each time affords.—More messages? What news? [reads.] The usual tones.—Oh, my unhappy country. Well, surely you have something good. Alas! Times are against me. I fail in everything.— I'm almost certain Lee usurps my place, While I, his friend, adorn him with my honors. I'll bide my time.—Here come more letters. I, Methinks, but want the patience and the boils To be a second Job.—Letters for me?

Messenger. No, sir. For Colonel Reed.

Washington. (with letter.) Let's see. 'Tis business. I'll open it,—he's absent now. (reads.) What's this? Good Heaven's what means all this! 'Tis much too much. This war's most bitter wound.—My bosom friend,— The rose I thought without a thorn.—Has truth Been buried? Are the Heaven's asleep? Has love become the laughing-stock of man, Or was I born to be love's laughing stock? No price is greater than the price of love, And yet, 'tis coldest treated.—Let me think How I must heal this wound that inward bleeds, And fat'lly threatens me. Thought pierces worse, Like medicine that bitter tastes yet cures. What is my duty—I will do't? 'A friend— Yet friend, or no, justice must have her sway.

I'd rather meet a field of open foes
Than thus a foe in friendly garb disguised.
He must be punished. Yes—he shall at once.
Call Colonel Reed and other officers [bell. *Enter servant.*
Who may be near.—Make haste.—Tell them [exit, servant.
I'll meet them here at once. The worst war council
Ever they held—to know the truth, and judge,—
Condem a friend in it. Ah, here they come.
Each face is friendly, yet ,how reads each heart,
For none more friendly looks than Reed's? My friends,
Be seated, pray.—I'll speak with you anon. [wine passed.
Here's wine,—refresh yourselves.—I trace his face,
Yet, read no guilt. He has a manly brow,
A noble countenance, and truthful eyes,—
Yet, what this answers, he has penned.—Deceit
In such is not inborn, but, he is borne
Against his nature by this haughty Lee.
If so, a quiet rebuke will punish more
Than public condemnation.—I shall try.—
I beg your pardon, gentlemen, for thus
Inviting you, but now I'll need no aid.
I'll hold no council now.

Officer. Sorry are we,
We lose a chance of giving help. We trust
Another time we'll double do. Farewell.

Washington. Thank you,—farewell.—Stay Colonel Reed, a
letter [exeunt.
Addressed to you has lately come, and I,
Thinking it business, opened it and read,
But, had I known what was therein contained,
Duty nor will would make me open it.
There, friend. (gives letter.) 'Tis thine—take it.

Reed. (reads.) What means this! Stay.
Your Excellency will surely trust not this.

(solo.) Good Heavens, I know not how to clear myself,
Yet, must I, else be ruined. These words convey
A double meaning, and, you take the worst.

Washington. I see not how they could convey a better:—
Trouble no more, it will not further go.
Attend your duties,—let this melt like snow.

Reed. Nay, sir. I'll tell you all. Hear all my guilt,
For soft rebuke is worse than thy worst rage,
And I would rather bear a world of woes
Than lose thy friendship.

Washington. Need I say, you must?

Reed. Oh! unlike Washington, how cold you are,
And heedless of my words.

Washington. Not heedless, alas:
Each word reminds me of the trust I had,
And of the wound I've got.

Reed. Guilty I am
Of much, yea, all I will confess. Give me,
I pray, your hand in fellowship again,
And, should I e'er offend, may tongue or hand,
Or whatsoever member plays thee false,
Be foul, useless, and loathsome unto me,
Or cast away. My eyes tear from their sockets,
Should they offend, and launch my blinded frame
'Mong ruthless men, exiled to starve. Spare me.
Could you but see the offended heart that mourns,
Or bear a minute of my conscience's stings,
You would not further punish me. Let pity,
No stranger to your soldier's breast, look down
Upon my stricken soul, and tears of grief
Will issue forth repentance.—

Washington. (*solo: weeping.*) I never wept
For sorrow of my own—though I've had much,—
But grief of others melts my heart, till tears
Gush bounteous forth.

Reed. You never shall
A safer servant find than I shall be,
For, for a world of hope, I'd suffer not
Such stings again. Oh, ease my agony,
Abstract the thorn, and heal my wounded soul,
Though well I know I ill deserve. Kindle,
With but a spark from your heart's love, your eye:—
I'll know the light, and by it, chase this cloud
From off my mind. Let but a trusty beam
Refine thy countenance, and I shall joy.
Speak but one word of hopeful condolence
And I shall treasure it. Set not thy foot
Upon my humbled, penitential heart,
But, let thy mind, so merciful, succour
And trust me still. I'll take what vow you will,
Or any penance you demand, perform:
Yea, rather would I die than have it said
Reed was the secret foe of Washington.
Say you'll forget, forgive.

Washington. Forget, I cannot.—
I do forgive.

Reed. Ten thousand thanks.

Washington. Trust not a warrior's name that rumor gives,
But what the watchful eye of time declares,
If your own eye cannot discern.

Reed. It can—

And shall discern your chivalry.

Washington. Go then

And learn a lesson from the past.—Adieu. [exit *Reed.*
If Heaven lends not now aid, my day is gone;
My country, fortune, lost. He must give means,
For I have reached extremes, and look in vain
For other's help.—Forgive as I've forgiven,
And turn these anxious hours to victory,
Oh, God, with whom all things are possible.—
I vow to conquer all the foes I've made,
By deeds, by life, and by my faithful blade. [exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before Trenton. Enter Gov. Tryon with twelve
mongrel soldiers.

Tryon. Brave boys, tramp to drum, tramp to drum, brave
boys! Halt.

For my fidelity I have these troops,—
A brave, though seeming squalid lot.—Never
Did any make so good retreats as they.
They've never lost a bloody sword.—Attention!
Each man to arms, the foe is lurking here. [jump.
They jump with joy at very thought of action.
We'll face them soon.

Soldiers. And show them how to run.

Tryon. Shoulder arms.

Soldier. I haven't any.

Tryon. Shoulders, or arms?

Soldier. Scarce either, I'm so scarcely fed.

Tryon. You fool,

Pick up that scythe, and mow down men as you,
In har'st, mow corn.—You'll march to beat of drum,
And, when you start, set first the left in front,
For that is right. Ready! Quick march. Halt! Halt!
[drum.

All wrong.—All wrong.

Soldier. The drummer started wrong.

Tryon. Ready!—March. Right, left, right, left, [drum.] Now for my effigy's most dire revenge.

All sing. We'll boldly march, march, march to the affray, For we are bloody soldiers, and shall win the day. So rule Britannia, &c. [exeunt.]

(Enter WASHINGTON and officers.)

Washington. Now for the stroke I've meditated long, To save estates, my country, and my name.

Lord Howe but waits till Delaware is bridged

By ice, to march for Philadelphia,

But I have ferried it and reached the foe

All unprepared, this Christmas morn. This day Must form a better history for us.

Here I expect the troops of captured Lee,

Now Sullivan's. I'll dare, and win, or die. [enter messenger.]

Who's this? A messenger. What time is this

To interrupt with letters?

Messenger. From General Gates.—

I traced your troops over the beaten snow, Stained by the bleeding feet of bootless soldiers.

Washington. Where's Gates?

Messenger. At Philadelphia.

Washington. Another rival!

So disobedient in this direful hour,

Poisoning the mind of Congress. This sword

From out its sheath I draw, and solemn, swear

To rest it there no more until I've won.

Tell Sullivan to march his troops this way. [exit aide de camp.]

The sentinel stands behind that aged tree,

And all Rahl's forces unsuspecting revel

Within the town. To every leader go,

And bid, at bugle blast, attack the town

And take at any price. [exit aide de camp.]

Enter SULLIVAN's ragged corps. Bugles. Cannonading.

Enter Hessian's pursued.)

Hessian Leader. We are surrounded: earth your arms. We yield.

Washington. In token of your yielding yield your sword, And let your men, unarmed, be led by mine Where I shall choose.

Hessian Leader. Had fate not forced, we, Sir, ne'er should yield. Our leader Rhal is slain,

Our troops, dismayed, so disarray our ranks
That, like scared crows, we cannot hold ourselves.
This sword, by all that's dear, had I my will,
Should be yours only scabbarded in you,
And then drawn forth to serve the same to others,
While my hand held my will. I yield these men
To spare them for a better day. This sword,—
This faithful sword, that never failed when raised
To fell a foe, or fend its master's life.
As to a highway robber, yields his purse.
The stricken traveller, —I yield to thee—
My treasure to a stranger's hand.

Washington. Ho! captain.

Arrange the arms and lead our prisoners off.

Captain. As they would butcher us, shall we treat them,
For they, you know, have been our greatest foe,—
Hirelings that kill for pay?

Washington. Nay. Be humane,
As others would to you, do not to them,
But as you should, so do. Though we be wronged,
Our wrong doers shall we mercy show. Mercy,
The gift of Heaven, our foes shall see we have,
So learn Heaven's on our side. To them
We'll show that mercy they will not to us,
To prove ourselves the better men. [*exeunt captives.*]

Green. (*entering.*) Hurrah!
This Christmas morn is gloriously won.
That portion of the Hessians I attacked,
With wildest consternation flew to arms.
But fear shook every brawny arm, till each
Stood quaking like a scarecrow in a field
As if intent to win by fear. Awhile
They trembled, then with momentary dash,
Rushed off in blind despair, with foreign yells,
All ineffectually, for we disarmed
And took them prisoners, and so we've won
That fame Fort Washington had lost.

Lord Stirling. (*entering.*) Like hunted hares,
Over the snowy vales, panting for fear,
Our hound-like soldiers chase the fugitives,
Who ne'er to better vantage showed their heels.

Washington. Then sound retreat. They'll not proceed.
Their bodies cannot bear their heated spirits.—
They must have rest, for well they've fought. This day
Is safely ours. The tune of Fortune's changed,
And hence shall play to us.

(*Bugle.* *Soldiers pass with banners and trophies.*)

SCENE II.—*General's house.* *Ladies of Act I. assembled.*
Sewing. Play chess, &c.

First Lady. How dismal is the world without.

Second Lady. 'Tis more within.

First Lady. Snow-feathered flakes have fallen all the day,
 Spreading a cold wet carpet o'er the earth
 To keep it warm.

Second Lady. Though we have dismal thoughts,
 Cold wintry messages and failing prospects,
 Our hopes are carpeted with news of war,
 Yet nothing warms our hearts. Like tender plants
 We're unprotected, left amid the storm
 Whose howls of poverty drive peace afar,
 And leave us with our own and others grief—
 Surrounded in sad loneliness. Each step
 We listen to and hope for good, yet fear
 Some dire disaster.—Hope, sweet mental phantom,
 Thou art a painted prig, and cheat, holding,
 In falsity, the mirror of gay life,
 Where all the future, like one brilliant day,
 Displays an Eden history thou know'st
 Full well is false:—and yet thou'rt good.—Even now,
 Although we know that such a vision's false,
 Hope shows our husbands' dancing wave-like crests
 Amidst the thickest fray, while eagerly,
 With trusty sword and brawny arm, they fell,
 As when the lusty farmer with his flail
 Divides the chaff and grain. Love's sister, Hope,
 Sees not, or, if she sees, will not believe,
 Her cause is lost.

Lady. I wonder if we shall
 E'er see our husbands more.

Young Lady. Or sweethearts?

Mrs. Washington. A woman's wish is strong but won't
 bring them.
 We can but hope and pray.

Widow. Ah, lady. Never fonder did one pray
 For husband's coming than did I, yet he—
 Oh, where is he? Long years of happiness
 We two-in-one have spent, and yet his locks,
 Hoary in honor as in age, bedewed
 With blood I'll see no more. [weeps.]

First Sympathetic Lady. Oh, weep not thus,
 Your husband, like a valiant soldier, died
 While round his hoary head his thirsty sword,—

As if the weapon of some hidden power
Wielded by Heaven itself, with deadly aim—
He plied on all his foes. A golden name,
On history's everlasting page, he wrote,
Which shall be praised. You should the more rejoice
That Heaven should bless him than his fellows more,
For his heart's dearest wish was, that this age
Might for America be spared to die.

Second Sympathetic Lady. Would laurels such as his
were stored for mine,
Then should I seem to mourn yet gladly joy.
Oh, what a loss.—What burden of reward,
To be by history held in high regard.

(solo.) Yes, every hour I live I wish him dead
That his left honors may adorn my head.

Third Lady. We must content ourselves
By singing, sewing, drinking tea.

Fourth Lady. Singing!
I trow we all like tea and most can sew,
But, as for singing, where's the sweet-toned voice?—
Can giddy pea-hen, or proud ostrich sing?
Or is the ass's bray melodious?
If so—we sometimes have singing.

5th Lady. For shame!
You have some excellent songs yourself.—

4th Lady. Of course!
But I'm the only one.—From morn till night,
My heart's delight is, like the warbling birds,
To echo shrill and cheerful notes around,
Until the mournful lift their gladsome hearts
And sing for joy. You wish me now to sing?
I will. Hem, hem.—

Lady. Please don't. 'Tis now the gloom,
When owls come out, and, did they hear you screech
They'd flock to us.

1st sympathetic Lady. Well can you sing, but we
Can only ply the worming needle, till our eyes,
And fingers ache—and little do when done.—
'Twere good did men devote less time to war,
And more to seek the comfort of their wives,—
They might invent some means to sew their shirts—
Better than more destructive arms.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

4th Lady. How could they possibly? Simpler than now
Could never be.—Most monstrous thought! You might

As easily invent an iron horse,
 Breathing its own peculiar, innate breath,
 To gallop fast with loads of merchandise
 From town to town;—Or some vast ship, which, like
 Some hideous hound should swim across the sea
 With thousands in its womb.—Oh wretched thought!
 You must be crazed.

1st sympathetic Lady. Imagination strange—
 Too often trusts to things as possible,
 Although less real than shadows in a dream.—

Young Lady. Love's just like that. It sees a goodly man,
 And in that goodly man, all virtues stored;—
 A gallant soldier, sage philosopher,
 Temple of love with ruby eyes adorned,
 A god-like face with gate of heavenly grace,—
 And, in that object, perfect man—but, lo!
 How true revolving years declare the lie
 And show his nothingness.

Lady. You have been jilted.

Young Lady. I never was—yet I know more, indeed,
 Than those who have ten times been loved and left.

Mrs. Washington. (solo.) When ladies are alone, kind
 words have war,
 Unless there's scandal:—scandal's always kind.—
 Ladies, let's to the other room adjourn,
 And get, what ladies ne'er refuse,—some tea,
 For I perceive with nothing else we 'gree. [exeunt

*Enter, by other door, Washington, Generals, officers and
 WILLIAM.*

Washington. There's no one here.

Reed. Let's rest awhile.

Green. (sitting.) Oh, what pleasure's in an arm chair,
 Beside one's cheery fire that tells the tales
 Of bygone times. Like illustrated leaves,
 Each spark and flame revives some youthful scene
 Of happy memory. Since first I ploughed
 My father's fields, or watched his big mill-wheel,
 Adown the stream of life I've seen strange scenes.
 At first I was a hearty singing lad
 Vieing with song the lark, without a care
 Or knowledge of such thing; then a student,
 Prying in books for nothing less than love;
 And then, if not before, a longing lover;
 A politician then of warlike words,
 Coined in my mind, and hurled with pliant pen,
 Or loud stentorian voice on whom would hear;

And now, a soldier with a trusty sword.—
Forgive me for indulging selfishness,
For, though in years I am but middle-aged,
Experience makes me old, and age's joy
Is to review its youth.

Washington. Much honor, sir,
Falls to your lot. When first you welcomed me
In Massachusetts, a quiet whispering voice
Told me thou hadst no Judas' eyes, but true—
Trusty to him who trusted you. That voice
I trusted—Heaven be praised.

Green. Than General's thanks,
No soldier seeks a higher prize. It is
A monument of glory in his mind,
That, when he should despair, encourages.

Washington. Let's not philosophise.—Willam, my man,
Here hangs the idle banjo, play a tune.
Ho, gentlemen, we're victors now, we'll have a song.

[*WILLIAM* plays.

And so acquaint our ladies with our presence,
Unknown to all the outer world.

Enter Ladies. Congratulatory kisses. Enter Nazalhead.

Nazalhead. Da' me, is this the way you save your country,
Its honor, and its pride? I guess 'tis strange.
Sharpshooting from the lips kill many foes,
Win many loves, and break many hard hearts.—
'Tis so. Perhaps you think 'tis false but 'tis.

Washington. Oh, sweetheart, never mind this intermedler.
His duty is to be where he should not.

Nazalhead. Kissing is nice—but cocktail drinking's better.
I'll look for some. I guess I'll find the cellar.
Those who can make good drinks, make better soldiers.—
That's right—quite right. I'll go this way I guess. [*exit*

Mrs. Washington. Tell's of your wars, infirmities and toils.

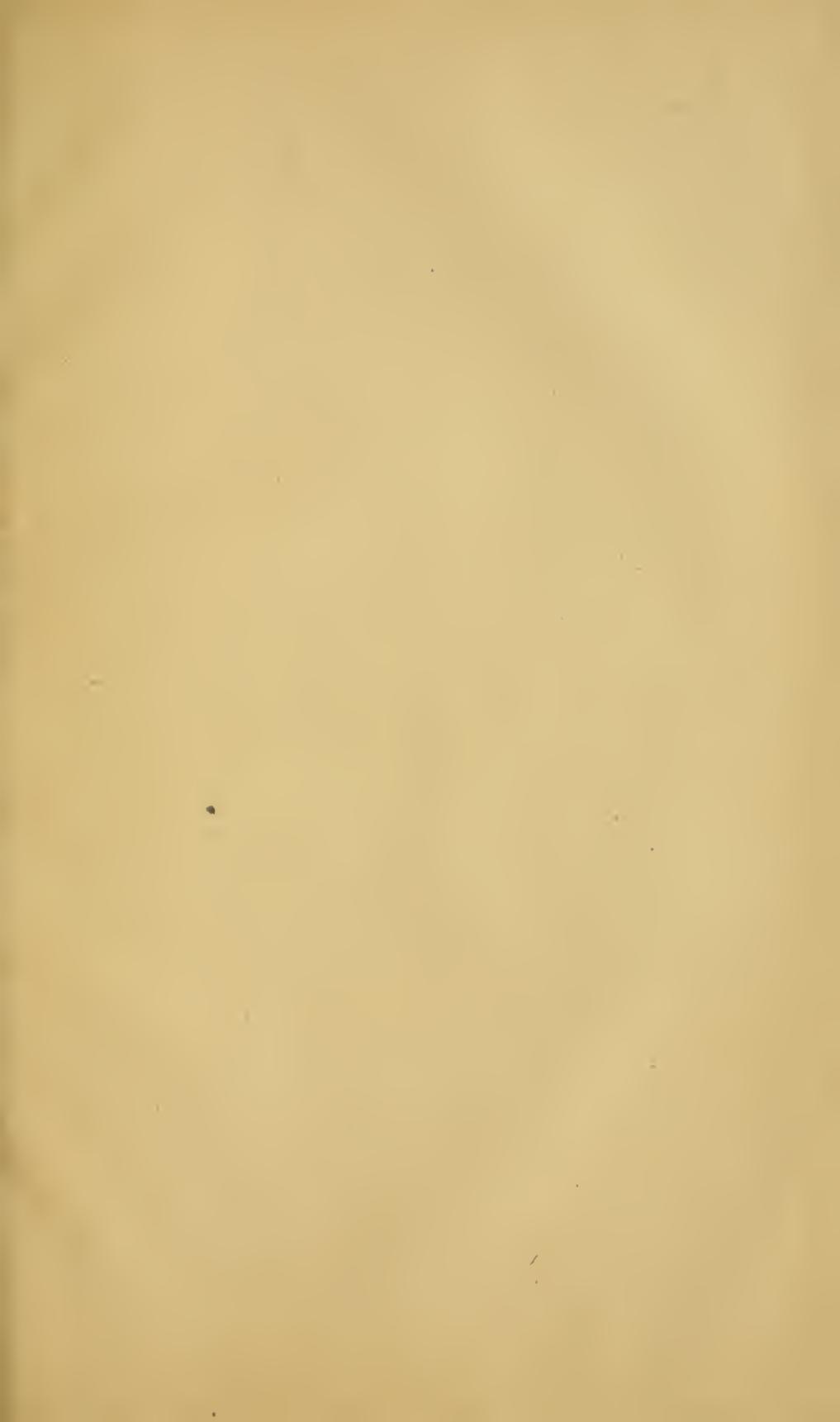
Washington. Far higher than my proud ambition soared,
I, like an eagle, passed my brightest hopes,
Till, like a speck upon the dazzling rays,
I rose, and hope to rise. Oft did I fear—
And, often, when success seemed far astray,
I wished me dead, yet hoped to live awhile,
For life, even to the beaten brave, is sweet.—
But why relate what you already know?—
All faces at our stories ghost-like grow.

Green. 'Tis long since we our happy wives have seen.—
Let's dance, as on our bridal day we danced.

Washington. Ho, a dance. William, your violin,
Let mirth and happiness amongst us reign,
While celebrating thus our first Campaign.

Music. Dance. Enter Nazalhead.

THE END.





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